CENTRE of VISION

THANKSGIVING NUMBER 1905

PUBLISHED BY THE
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The Foot-Path to Peace

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors — these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

— Henry van Dyke.

A Visit to Lord Leighton's House

During a short stay in London last summer, it was my pleasure to visit the home of Frederick, Lord Leighton, late president of the Royal Academy of Arts. Nothing gave me greater enjoyment than the afternoon that I spent in wandering about the halls and studios of this mansion.

The whole house was built from designs by George Aitchison, R. A., even the additions being made from his drawings. It is constructed of red brick like its neighbors, but aside from this it appears very unusual in construction. For instance, the west end consists of the Arab hall, with its high dome and battlements, while at the east end is a glass studio.

On the north side of the house is a beautiful garden. Here, in this secluded spot, surrounded by flowers, trees, and shrubs, with an afternoon sunlight, and birds making merry with their songs, it is hard to believe that we are in the midst of a great city. Here it was that the great artist loved to stroll and to pluck a branch or flower to draw at some future time. Many a bright Sunday saw the president, arrayed in slippers, a so-called "land and water hat," and a smock frock, sitting in his garden chair, talking to his artist friends as only he could.

Entering the front hall of the building, we at once get a foretaste of the treasures which lie within. A beautifully-carved settle is the first to catch the eye. Two pictures, of the old masters, hang on the wall, a reminder of the past, when the halls were filled with choice productions of art—when Corot, Constable, Millais, Watts, and a number of other master workmen had pictures in this English treasure house.

We next enter the central hall, where stands a life-size bronze bust of the great artist. The staircase rises on three sides of this hall, which is lighted from above by a broad skylight. Where the stairs begin to rise is a seat made of an old Persian chest of a very odd shape and richly inlaid. This was brought by Lord Leighton from Lindos.

On the left, adjoining the central hall by a short passage, is the Arab hall. This is a square room built in old Saracenic style. On one side is the entrance. Each of the other three sides is recessed. Above is a dome, with eight little arched windows of the richest of stained glass. Lord Leighton bought these windows in Cairo; but as is the custom in the Orient, the glass was stuck in with the white of egg, and, being badly packed, came out, and was broken in transit. But enough glass re-

mained unbroken to fill one window. The other seven are filled with English glass. The walls of the room are inlaid with old blue tiles, some having been bought in Damascus, others in Cairo, and others picked up here and there. Over the entrance is a tiled inscription, a quotation from the Koran. The translation runs as follows: "In the name of the merciful and long-suffering God. The Merciful hath taught the Koran. He hath created man and taught him speech. He hath set the sun and moon in a certain course. Both the trees and the grass are in subjection to him." In the walls are several niches with vases of ancient date. On either side of the room are divans with gates to be closed when not in use. Two large windows behind the divans have lattices brought from Cairo. On one wall is a latticed gallery overlooking the room. In the middle of the floor is a fountain, which, bubbling up and sparkling over, leaves little to the imagination as one reclines on a divan and thinks himself in an old Arabian palace.

The main studio is on the second floor, occupying nearly the whole space. The glass studio joins the main studio. This is where Leighton used to hang pictures that were presented to him, or those exchanged for some of his. At one end of the large studio is a small door leading to a Venetian balcony. Along the wall is a cast of a part of the Parthenon frieze. Brass pots and kettles, Oriental patterns, and antique furniture are placed here and there. A large window forming a bay, and extending into a skylight with three smaller windows, supplies the necessary light. The walls are lined with sketches of flowers, trees, animals, human figures, and, in fact, most everything a person could think of. Most of these are done in pencil, although chalk and charcoal on brown and blue-gray paper, were used a good deal. Here and there are hung engravings of some of his famous paintings. Among others is that of Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis, "The Daphnephoria," "Helen of Troy," sketch of "Captive Andromache," and many others. A few of Lord Leighton's paintings and some of George Frederick Watts' are placed upon the easels.

They tell us that most of the treasures have been removed since Leighton's death, but as we pass from room to room, gazing on what is left, we wonder what a treasure house this must have been in the days of its full glory.

—C. H. Roe Mabie.

Wood-Engraving—(II.)*

To understand the limits of wood-engraving, it is necessary to know the difference between wood and metal technique. Ruskin aptly says, "In metal-engraving you cut ditches, fill them with ink, and press your paper into them. In wood-engraving you leave ridges, rub the tops of them with ink, and stamp them on your paper." So in metal-engraving the simplest way to express shadows is by crossing lines, for it is easy to "dig ditches" in any direction; but in wood-engraving cross lines can be shown only by laboriously digging out the diamond-shaped valleys left between the lines.

Durer and Holbein made few cross-hatchings, but the later Renaissance demanded delicate tracery, which could not be so simply expressed. In attempting to follow the demands of popular taste, wood-engravers fell into difficulties, and finally abandoned the field to metal-engravers, whose medium gave them ample opportunity to draw the refined and complicated lines required.

For a century wood-engraving was practically unused. Then in England Thomas Bewick began to attract attention. He not only made his designs, but he did the actual cutting. Naturally he sought the simplest method, which he found in the use of the "white line." Instead of cross lines to show dark shadows, he used broad, parallel lines, which saved the labor of removing the little diamonds, for a narrow white line, which was easily cut, answered the purpose. He found that all light grays could be expressed by increasing the number and width of white lines. This method became very popular, and once more wood-engraving was generally used.

The wood-cutter himself had to have artistic ability, for while he formerly followed implicitly the lines of the original copy, he now had to judge of the number and width of lines necessary to give the proper values, and of the direction these lines should take to express the modeling.

The introduction of photography, by which copy could be transferred directly to the wooden block, seemed at first a great boon to wood-engraving. Then commercial necessity demanded a cheaper method of reproduction, and mechanical means were invented, which were prac-

*The first article on wood-engraving was published in the CENTRE OF VISION for May. It contained a brief outline of the subject up to the time of Holbein, when the most successful work was done.

tical, but not satisfactory from an artistic standpoint. The more artistic illustrations were left to the wood-engraver, but the expense made it impossible to vie with such a rival as process engraving. The wood-engraver, in attempting to make his work look like photographs, or metal-engraving, or wash drawings, instead of translating them into his own medium, went beyond his depth. The results are interesting only as clever imitations,—not as wood-engraving.

A Boston man who is recognized as the most artistic wood-engraver of recent years said to me not long ago: "Wood-engraving is a lost art. The occasional cut which appears in the Century is regarded as a curiosity, and the few illustrations in the schoolbooks are indeed poor examples."

Lack of space prohibits illustrations, but the student who will spend an afternoon at the Library, or, better still, at the Museum Print Room, hunting for them, will be well repaid. The comparison of a few Japanese cuts with the earliest European ones, to see the work in pure outlines; of these with Durer and Holbein, to show the first successful attempts at chiaro-oscuro; of these again with some of Bewick's many cuts, to understand the use of "white line"—such a study will rouse an interest which mere words cannot.

It seems too bad that an art which first gave printing to the world, which spread pictures among the people, and which influenced public sentiment by giving it the gift "to see itself as others see it," should be lost. Let us hope that a second and more permanent revival may come, when wood-engraving will be used, not in imitation of other processes, but as a free art having its own peculiar merits.

—Jean Kimber.

AMBIGUOUS.

"Did Criticus praise my picture of 'Innocence'?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know? What do you mean?"

"Well, he said he never saw anything so artless."—From the Cleveland Leader.

AS TO BELLAMUS.

Owlinswell—"What kind of fellow is Bellamus?"

Kewton—"He's this kind—if you offer him his choice of two cigars, he takes both."—From the Chicago Tribune.

The Girl and the Game

"'Faith, Hope, and Charity—and the greatest of these is Charity,'" sang Ted, as he swung the canoe 'round to the landing, and took the pile of cushions from Charity's hands.

"If you say another word, I won't go a step with you," she returned petulantly, one foot poised uncertainly over the edge of the canoe.

"I've stood your teasing for ten years, and I won't stand it any longer," she continued, as she snuggled down among the pillows and Smith headed the canoe up-stream. "Papa's old-fashioned ideas were all very well so long as he confined them to furniture and crockery, but when it came to naming his daughters 'Faith, Hope, and Charity,' never stopping to think how 'Ball' would sound after them, it was too much. I think the S. P. C. C. should have interfered."

"Never mind, Charlie," said Smith, reverting to the old childish nickname, "you know there are several applicants ready and even anxious to set the 'Ball' a-rolling."

"Yes," contemptuously, "Dr. Booth and Tommy Bliss, for instance! Talk about jumping from the frying-pan into the fire! I might as well hang out a sign, 'Help the worthy poor, only ten cents admission,' or resign myself to going through life as a candy motto; 'Charity Bliss,' surrounded by bleeding hearts, arrows, and true lovers' knots! No, I thank you," decidedly, "Charity Ball I am and shall remain till some common-sense, commonplace man with a common-sense, commonplace name throws himself at my feet."

"Oh, Charity, this is *so* sudden," gasped the young man, suiting the action to the word, thereby overturning the canoe and plunging Charity, pillows, novel, and parasol into the water.

"'Charity suffereth long and is kind,'" murmured Ted, as he tossed the dripping cushions upon the bank beside the disdainful maiden, who was indignantly wringing out her skirts.

"'Is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil,'" continued Ted to the cushions, as he followed the same dignified little figure up the deserted steps of the hotel. "'Beareth all things, endureth all'——"

"Theodore Smith, if you say another word,—thank goodness, I am going away to-morrow! Do you suppose I'd stay here a single day after being upset in three feet of water? I'm going where there isn't a canoe within ten miles, nor a man, either, I hope! Good-by," and the

door closed behind her before Smith could voice any of the numerous questions upon his lips.

* * * * * * * *

"Blue and Black, 6; Green, 5; 2 minutes to play"; so read the score board. As the whistle sounded for the first down on the Blue and Black's 10-yard line, the players rose to their feet more quickly than usual. "Smith's knocked out," was the word passed along the substitute line. A little blue-coated figure in the front row gave a stifled scream. "It's all up with us now; our ball on our own 10-yard line and captain laid out," said one, as he watched with envious eyes the sub-quarterback eagerly stripping off his sweater.

But Smith wasn't out of it. With eyes dazed and glittering, a hundred hammers pounding behind his temples, he stumbled to his feet and gave the signal to put the ball in play. Charity drew a deep sigh of relief.

"8-23-7-1," called Smith, and the left halfback jumped for the line of green, only to be thrown back. Once more Smith sent his heaviest tandem against his opponent's line, but without avail.

"He's crazy!" growled the impatient sub on the benches; "they'll force us to a safety!" and "Why in blazes doesn't he slam the ends?" muttered the head coach on the side lines, with an anxious glance at his watch.

"5-19-6-2-7," called Smith. 'Twas the signal for a kick. The ball rose high; sailed straight to the waiting quarter on the 50-yard line. With a bound he gained his stride and shot down the field, dodging and throwing all who blocked his way. As he neared the posts, the little Blue and Black captain broke through the interference, hurled himself at the runner, and brought him down within a yard of the goal, just as the whistle sounded for the end.

The victorious wearers of the blue surged forward to cheer their captain, but he lay still where he had fallen, an ugly bruise on his temple. A few minutes later, when he opened his eyes, it was to find himself resting comfortably against a small blue-coated figure and gazing into a pair of anxious blue eyes.

"'Charity never faileth,'" he murmured, as he drew the blue eyes down till they hid themselves in the big blue "M" upon his breast.

—Lillian Holden, M. N. A. S., '09.

Annie Friend Rogers, Editor

"The entire object of education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things."—Ruskin.

The frontispiece, "Mona Lisa," is without doubt the most famous portrait in the world. Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) spent four years in painting it, and then declared he could not finish it to his satisfaction. The painting is in the Louvre.

Rudolf Lehmann, the painter and author, died in London, October 27. He was born in Hamburg in 1819, and was the son of a miniaturist, from whom he inherited his taste for art and received his first instructions.

A beautiful window has been placed in the Arlington-street Church as a memorial to James H. Beale, and the series of windows underneath the galleries is now complete, the Beale window being the final one of the set. The subject represents the figure of St. John the Baptist.

Abandoning the particular line of work that has brought him fame and fortune, Charles Dana Gibson is going abroad for the purpose, as he himself phrases it, of studying art. He has put aside enough to take care of his family and educate his children, and has determined to burn all his bridges and set out with his schoolbooks under his arm to study art in Europe.

There has recently been completed a most important work which for two years has been in progress, the restoration of the Michael Angelo and other frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. The commission appointed to deal with the question determined that any attempt to clean these noble

frescoes would be hazardous, and so the work was strictly limited to strengthening the hold of the plaster upon the roof and walls. Photographs have repeatedly been taken to prove that there has been no "tampering" with the masterpieces.

An exhibition of an altogether unusual kind was recently held in Paris, under the auspices of the French government. M. Harpignies, the veteran landscapist, saw in a dealer's window two pictures to which his signature had been wrongfully attached. He entered to discover a museum of forgeries, ostensibly by Corot, Courbet, Diaz, Daubigny, Troyan, and others. The police descended upon the shop, confiscated the gallery of "masterpieces," these being exhibited later as fraud-deterrents.

An important exhibition opened at Rowlands' Galleries November 6, and continued until November 18. It consisted of copies made by Miss Hormann, a German artist, of Pompeiian mural decorations. Miss Hormann has been studying in Italy, in and about Pompeii, for the past three years, the copies on exhibition being the result of her work there. They are done in the encaustic method, the colors being applied to a wet plaster, in the manner of fresco painting, and finished by the application of a heated iron. Miss Hormann has used, as nearly as possible, the methods employed by the Pompeiian artists, and is said to be the first who has been truly successful in making copies of these ancient paintings. She will endeavor to introduce the method for modern decorative purposes.

Emil Fuchs, sculptor, painter, and medalist, is about to start on a portrait-painting tour through the United States, whither he has been invited by some of the prominent members of New York society, who have intrusted him with commissions for portraits. He will sail on the Kronprinz Wilhelm November 8. The artist is an Austrian by birth, but for the last few years has lived on British soil, having painted the portraits of many eminent English people.

The American Free Art League, which has just been organized for a crusade against the tariff tax on works of art, will have a meeting of its executive committee this week to formulate plans for the campaign. The Boston members of the committee are Edward R. Warren, Holker Abbott, and Thomas Allen, and the counsel is Myron E. Pierce.

The Society of Odd Brushes closed its exhibition at the Art Club

November 7, having been successful, both financially and artistically. The next exhibition at the Art Club, consisting of the works of its members, will open November 17, and continue until December 2.

A most interesting exhibition of etchings by Anders Zorn was held at the Cobb Gallery the latter part of October. Until November 18 water-colors and oils by E. Aubrey Hunt may be seen in the same gallery, and from November 20 to December 2 Miss Alice M. Dutton will exhibit water-color paintings at the same place.

Theodore Wendel will exhibit in the Rowlands Galleries some time in December.

Exhibitions to be held in the Public Library are as follows: December 4, books, autograph letters, and portraits relating to the anti-slavery movement, shown in honor of the 100th anniversary of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison; December 18, early Christian art. Lectures at the same building: November 23, "Athens and Athena," Professor H. H. Powers; December 7, "Apollo and His Shrines," Professor H. H. Powers; December 14, "The Peloponnesus," Arthur Stoddart Cooley, Ph.D.; December 28, "Christian and Pagan Art of the Renaissance," Professor H. H. Powers.

Spring Styles for Literary Folk

1. For poets—Checks.
2. For prize-story winners—Plum color.
3. For youthful reporters—All shades of green.
4. For lady reporters—Rose color.
5. For editors of sporting columns—Yell oh!
6. For society editors—Claret color.
7. For essayists, in study—Brown.
8. For household editors—Crushed strawberry, lemon, and orange.
9. For unsuccessful authors—Indigo blue.
10. For plagiarists—Stripes.

—Thayer Rouse, in The Editor.

Question Box

[Questions of general interest to the readers of the CENTRE OF VISION will be answered in this column. Questions should be left in the C. V. box, or mailed to Editor of the Question Box, Normal Art School.]

Q.—Can this school be correctly termed a college or university?—F. B. R.

A.—Although in some states the normal schools are termed colleges, yet, in the strictest sense, not being incorporated as such, our school could not be called a college, neither, because of its inability to grant degrees, is it a university. Being, so far as we know, the only state normal art school in the country, it is rather hard to classify.

Q.—Who is Mr. Shannon?—M.

A.—J. J. Shannon, who is probably the gentleman referred to, is rapidly rising to a prominent place in the London art world. Although born in Auburn, N. Y., and therefore an American, he has spent the greater part of his life and obtained his education in Canada and England. At the age of eighteen he had won all the prizes possible at the South Kensington schools, and attained his first success as a portrait painter. He owns a handsome house in Holland Park road, travels extensively, and is thought by some to rival John S. Sargent.

Q.—Is there any truth in the rumor that the Normal Art School is to be removed to the Fenway?—K.

A.—The advisability of finding better quarters for our school has been discussed from time to time, and it is possible that at some future date a removal will be necessary. The legislative committee, after investigation, has decided that for the present this building is sufficient to supply the needs of the school.

Q.—Please give a list of books (not exceeding $10) useful to a teacher of drawing.—P. S. C.

A.—Anson K. Cross, "Freehand Drawing," Ginn & Co., $1; "Mechanical Drawing," Ginn & Co., $1; Arthur W. Dow, "Composition," J. M. Bowles, $1.50; M. S. Emery, "How to Enjoy Pictures," Prang, $1.50; School Arts Book, Worcester, Mass., Davis Press, $1; Manual Training Magazine, Peoria, Ill., Manual Arts Press, $1; J. Liberty Tadd, "New Methods of Education," Judd, $3; total, $10.

It's a pity that a miser who has money to burn can't take it with him when he dies.

The Students' Club

The Students' Club, which has its rooms at No. 23 St. James avenue, provides a place of rest and relaxation for women students while in Boston. Its two pleasant rooms are open from ten in the morning until evening, and after being shown in by the neat little maid, one finds there easy chairs, books and magazines, and an open fire in winter time. Here one may write letters, read, study, or meet one's friends. From four until six each afternoon tea is served by the matron of the Students' House, which occupies the rest of the building and the one adjoining.

Informal receptions are held during the year to which one may take one's friends, meet other club members, and enjoy the "gabble, gobble, and git" of afternoon teas, made famous by Dr. Holmes.

A sale of articles made by members of the club is held at the rooms each winter just before the holidays; and in the spring an exhibition of paintings, designs, and arts and crafts work is given at some one of the picture dealer's,—last year at Cobb's Gallery. This exhibition is open to all art students, men or women, on payment of a small fee. The work is judged by a committee of Boston artists, and prizes, or mention, are awarded the best work.

Although under the management of a committee from Emmanuel Church on Newbury street, the club is in no way sectarian. Membership to the Students' Club may be gained by applying through a member. The annual fee is $1, and the club is open from the first of October until the last of June.

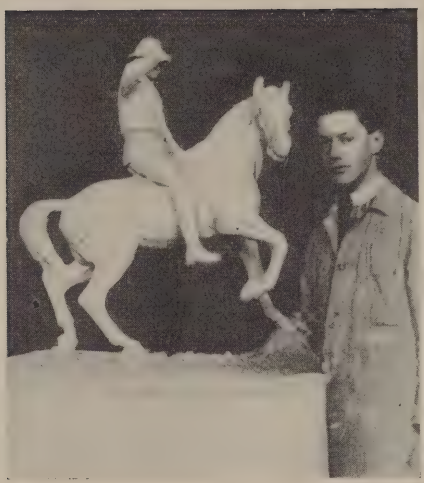
—Madge A. Guptill.

Fly Specs

Fly time is about past, although an occasional warm day causes His Majesty to leave his hiding place to remind us that he still exists. It is only during this period of enforced absence that we are able to discover in him any admirable points. But—consider the fly. No creature is too mean not to possess qualities worthy of imitation. Observe the industry with which he pursues his trade, working with unabated energy right through the heat of the warmest days, seemingly tireless in his efforts to accomplish that work for which he is so peculiarly fitted.

Observe the patience and perseverance with which he overcomes the difficulties which lie in his way, and though constantly discouraged

Continued on page 42



Editorials

Thanksgiving—that dear old day when houses ring with the merry laughter of reunited families; when tables are bountifully laden with such good things; and when hearts are filled to overflowing with generous impulses. We so often hear the remark, "Do you realize what the day means?" And I feel that we do, and deep in our hearts we are grateful to our God for our staunch old Pilgrim ancestors, who laid the foundation for this great commonwealth of Massachusetts, and gave to us this day of thanksgiving. So let us be joyous and happy, generous toward our fellow-men, and at peace with our Maker.

The cut opposite this page illustrates the work of Willis Hatch, of Class D. He entered Class A in February, 1903, and since graduating from there has been in the modeling class, under Mr. Dallin.

We have been hearing lately many dissatisfied remarks about the school pin, and unless something is done at once, mutterings will continue. What is the trouble with the old one? Is it the size which causes the discussion? Is it the unique and individual shape? Is it the seal which symbolizes the grand and dear old Bay State? We hear some one say, "Well, I don't care for it." Then please state your arguments against it, and perhaps something can be done. We hear that some want a school pin with class numerals on it. Why not put them on the old pin? Do you realize what it means to have another school pin? There will simply be a grand division between past graduates and those of the future, putting in another wedge toward weakening the patriotism for our school, rather than strengthening it. Please give this your serious thought.

On Saturday, November 4, a new feature, pattern-making, was introduced into the school, under the direction of Mr. Frizzell. Both arts and crafts and sloyd have proven a marked success, and undoubtedly this will follow their example.

Dance orders! Immediately after hearing that the Freshmen are to be given a reception, every one is running about in breathless excitement, trying to fill out his order. How often have we heard, "Oh!—Are you coming to the reception?" "Yes, are you?" "Yes, have you

made out your order?" "Most of it, but I'll save you one." And so it goes, friends making out orders among themselves and utterly ignoring any one else. We ask you, "Is it fair to your schoolmates?" No wonder we have no school spirit. We haven't become acquainted with each other yet. We can only suggest, but wouldn't it be well to wait and then get acquainted with the Freshmen?

We are desirous of making this a student's paper—not one written and published by the staff exclusively. Beginning with this month, we will try to show what sort of work is being done in the different departments. We shall be very thankful for any sincere criticism or suggestion as to the condition of the paper, and will try to profit by it.

We are glad to see such a large increase in our sales, and trust it will continue. By paying sixty-five cents for this copy, you will be entitled to all of the remaining numbers. Buy the paper and patronize the advertisers.

The prize story was won by Lillian Holden, '09. A prize of $2 will be given for the best Christmas cover design handed in before December 9, 1905.

Fly Specs

Continued from page 39.

---

and rebuffed, returns repeatedly to the place where he left off, and begins again. Although all the world seems to be united in the effort to mar his career and lay pitfalls for his feet, he continues cheerfully to perform his chosen task, and only death has power to dishearten him.

Observe the courage with which he flies in the very face of danger, rather than slight his duty in the least particular.

Observe the forethought with which he, or perhaps I should say she, attacks the problem of race suicide by producing a family of such remarkable size that the accidents and early deaths that so often occur may make no noticeable diminution of the species.

Observe the cheerful disposition which causes him to hum merry tunes to himself as he goes about his work.

Again I say, all honor to the fly,—except in fly time.

—Uncle Martin.

Class Notes

'06

At the class meeting, the dance committee announced December 7 as the evening of the Freshman reception. Conly was chosen as class photographer. Gold was decided on as the class color. Its significance is appropriate—supreme wisdom and inspiration!

We are glad that Miss McDonough's accident did not prove more serious.

All who heard Mr. Major at the Copley Society, October 26, thank him for a most enjoyable and instructive evening.

What is that about "Mann to man"?

Class C, at least, have badges. Each has been supplied with a Morse drill watch charm. Ancient and Honorable Order of Twisted Bores.

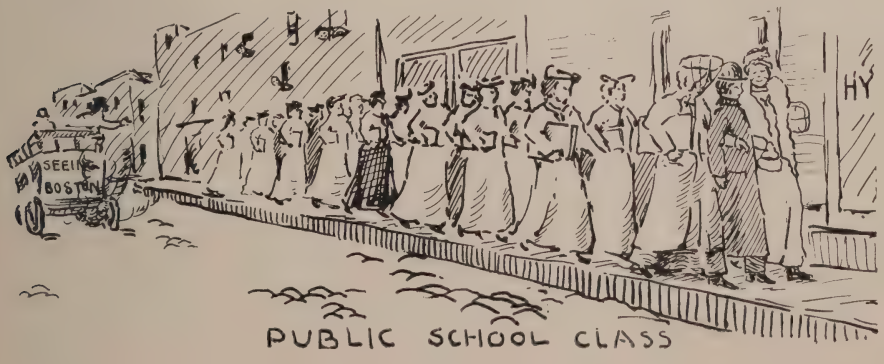
When are we going down to Haberdasher's?

Teacher—"What does 'F' stand for?"

A silence.

Teacher—"It stands for 'Frank,' of course."

A recent unseasonable flower parade caused considerable excitement among Tremont-street shoppers. Heading the procession was a bright red poppy between two tall, fair lilies who "toiled not, neither did they spin"—but they certainly hustled! Behind them, two and two, walked "the choicest flowers of the Normal Art School," whose orderly line was occasionally disturbed by the escape of the poppy. It was always recaptured, but not without upsetting somewhat the traditional stateliness of the lilies.



PUBLIC SCHOOL CLASS

On Wednesday, October 25, the advanced Design Class, in company with Mr. George, visited the Haberstroh Decorators on Boylston street. What a storehouse of beautiful things we found it to be! Shall we students ever be able to accomplish such excellent work in design as we saw there? Let us therefore aim high.

I wonder how many pupils of the Massachusetts Normal Art School know of the Venetian Garden which is there in place of the backyard, with its ugly board fence and wild growth of weeds, that is usually found in Boston!

A unique surprise party was tendered Miss Annie Rogers, our secretary, Friday afternoon, November 3, by twelve "naughty-six" girls, who have had the pleasure of lunching together since our Freshman year. As the room was of cosy dimensions, we presented quite cosy attitudes, and the roasted chicken had the seat of honor, the chair of the hostess. The afternoon was passed with mirth and frolic.

Ask some of the girls why drum-sticks are so popular, and who our cracker lady is. If any one is in danger of starving, graham crackers are most nourishing, and there is always a good supply on hand.

'07

Turpentine? Help yourself; there's a straw in the bottle.

At a very exciting class meeting, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Stiles; vice-president, Miss Lewis; secretary, Miss Morse; treasurer, Mr. Perkins. Mr. Fox was elected chairman of a committee to confer with other classes on the subject of a school pin. Miss Morton, Miss Bulfinch, and Mr. Thorndike (chairman) were chosen for a dance committee. Unless there is more class spirit than was shown at the meeting, there will be no Junior prom. So it's up to you.

Paint coats and aprons mended. Mr. J——n, seamstress.

Judging from the number of visitors to Mr. Hamilton's studio from the other studios, the new line of work seems to have their endorsement. It is certainly very interesting. Perhaps it is the presence of the four handsome young men there that attracts them.

"Laugh and grow fat," and for further directions apply to Stebbins, in Mr. Hamilton's studio.

We should like to suggest that another deck be put on the lunch counter, in addition to the cage recently put there.

'08

The class met on Friday, November 17, Percy A. Brigham presiding. The school pin question was discussed, and the class was unanimous in the choice for the old pin with the class numerals on it. Election results were as follows: Class editors, Miss Washburn, Mr. Booth; reception committee, Misses Starr and Culbert. Officers for the year: President, Mr. Brennen; secretary, Miss Evans; treasurer, Miss Carney.

How old we feel this year!

It's sometimes best to know whom you are keeping locked out. Ask Mr. O'K—f—.

Don't try roller-skating after drinking too much cider, as did a young lady in Mr. Munsell's studio. Accidents have been known to follow.

"You honey boy!"

What think you of this new perspec?

Brownie, "what time is it?"

Not a sound from the mechanical drawing division. They're working too hard.

Brother Bones seems to be getting active in the "Advanced A Studio." Nervous people, stay out!

Come and "help the Freshmen enjoy themselves" December 7.

The Public School Class is popular with '08, but Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Major, and Mr. Munsell seem to have a good per cent.

Is Alice lonely down there? Not a bit.

'09

Some of the Freshmen have the great pleasure of knowing that they are the best class that their teacher has had for years. Why? Why, because——

The entering class are at present in great distress. Who shall be our escort to the Freshman reception? It is hard to choose among our many friends and acquaintances who shall be the honored one. Boys, it is really a hard question for the girls. Take pity on them.

Somerville is again represented in the Freshman class.

Helen Morton, Editor

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

Once more we stand upon the threshold of a new year in the lives of our school papers, and once more a new band of workers is placed at the helm to guide our venture into the harbor of success. Naturally it is expected that each new staff, having profited by the experiences of their predecessors, should show marked improvement in their publications. But how can this be looked for without the literary and financial support of the school? Good, honest criticism is another great benefactor. Very often a paper has faults to which the editors are not alive, and it is through the thoughtful suggestions of exchange columns that they can learn of these faults.

The editors of the *High School Times* should be congratulated on the entire make-up of their paper. "The Hazing of Valliant," a story of college life, is told in a very clever and original style.

The cover designs of the *World* are most attractive and suggestive of the seasons.

Commencement number of the *Stator* was far superior to the last issue. If the former is an example of what the school can produce, why not keep up to the standard? Wake up, new-comers!

The literary work of the *Andrew College Journal* is particularly good. There is a nice amount of poetry to balance the heavier matter.

The *Yellow Dragon* is a little journal published by Queen's College, Hong-Kong. It contains an article, "Phases of Education," which is well worth reading, though it is apt to make some of us feel guilty.

Boston University sends us a clever sheet in their *Beacon*.

"Hope Springs Eternal in the Breast," in the *Enterprise* surely shows a keen appreciation of the beautiful on the part of the author.

Girls' High Journal, San Francisco, is an excellent example of what girls can do in the way of running school papers.

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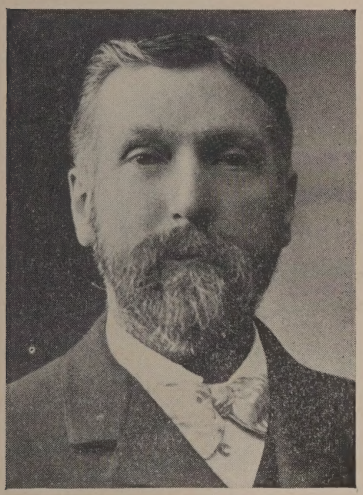

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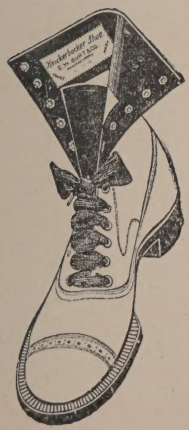

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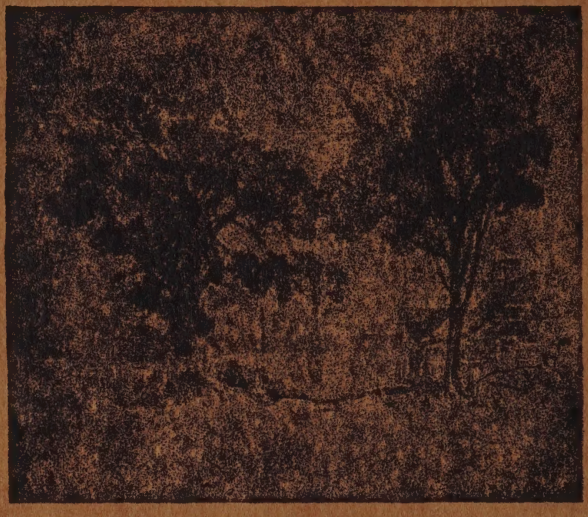

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